DIARY OF A MINECRAFT BOUNTY HUNTER

Mission 1 : Dr. Boom

- Minecrafters

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By Minecrafters and Wimpy Boy

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Prologue:

"Hello, and welcome to Server News! I'm your host Dan Block, and today we've got quite a shocking report. You see ladies and gentlemen, we just got word that Blockland, the most famous theme park on the entire server, has been completely destroyed in a Griefer attack."

"This happened only hours ago, when a group of notorious players managed to sneak into the park and plant explosives on all the rides. All players killed in the event have since respawned, but the attack has cost thousands in emeralds due to damages and replacements for lost items."

"Although it's still early for confirmation, it is widely believed that Dr. Boom is behind this awful attack. In case you were wandering, Dr. Boom is on the Admin's ten most wanted list, and is the only player known to have made an attack on Admin HQ…"

"We now go live to Blockland, where it appears several bounty hunters have arrived to respond to the Griefer's attack…"

WEEK 1

Day 1

It was just like all the other operations I'd been a part of.

One Steve. All on his own. Taking on one of the most powerful Griefers known to man. No big deal or anything. I did this practically every day. Kinda got boring after a while. I mean come on, at least give me a challenge every once in a –

"Dan, are you talking to yourself again?"

Ah dang it. Ignore that person. They're not important.

"I'm you're partner!"

Not my choice.

"Are you going to write anything in my diary?"

Dang it man, stop reading my journal. Its home to my most private, personal and intimate thoughts. It's not something to be read by the likes of you.

"The likes of who?"

Dang it. Perhaps I should clarify things a little bit before they get out of hand. The name's Dan. Dangerous Dan.

"Wimpy Dan."

Quiet you.

"I'm just saying."

Alright, whatever. I'm Dangerous Dan. I'm a Minecraft bounty hunter, tasked with taking down the most notorious Minecraft criminals. We're talking the heavy-hitters. PVPers, Griefers -

"Tree cutters?"

That was an accident. I had no idea the guy was a lumberjack.

"He was wearing a lumberjack skin and carrying an axe!"

I thought he was a poorly-dressed player-killer.

"You're an idiot."

SILENCE! Anyways, welcome to my diary reader. If your name is

Charles (more specifically, Charles Dimwit) -

"That's Charles Brilliant!"

Ugh, fine, Charles 'Brilliant', then clear off. Otherwise, I invite you to read about my heroic exploits. Who knows? Maybe it'll inspire you to become a hero. Just like me.

"Fat chance."

"CHARLES!"

DAY 2

Okay, I should probably explain to you what we were doing yesterday.

You watch the news right? I mean, who doesn't?

"Dumb people, like you."

Charles, one of these days I will destroy you…

Okay, ignoring that fool, if you've been living under a rock then you probably don't know what transpired over the past few days. To cut a very long story short, Blockland, a magical theme park, was attacked by Griefers and destroyed.

Normally when this sort of thing happens, the Admins are the ones who deal with it. Except here, they've got no idea who's behind it. Normally they'd get off their rear ends and launch a full investigation, but seeing as they're too lazy for that, they decided to send bounty hunters instead.

Bounty hunters, in Minecraft, normally go after players who've committed minor crimes. Maybe they stole a bit of iron or decided to cover a house in dirt blocks. Low risk, low reward. The Admins act like we're a bunch of jumped-up players, but they never bother to go after the little leagues. No, they want all the glory for themselves, taking down the biggest and most destructive rule-breakers.

Admins of course, have access to all sorts of powers. They can fly, make themselves invincible and even create objects out of nothing.

Think Superman, with no weakness to kryptonite. And everyone thinks they're amazing.

Bounty hunters, on the other hand, use whatever they have on hand. Be it swords, bows or even pieces of string. We don't receive any special funding and we certainly can't make items from nothing. Nope, we have to earn our keep. Oh, and guess how many stories and songs have been written about bounty hunters.

You got it right, zero.

"You done yammering yet?"

Right, I should probably get back to the investigation. Long story short, we found almost nothing. Whoever planted the explosives was a real expert. There wasn't a single trace of anything left behind, save for some scorch marks.

No, the only thing we found was a few bits of gunpowder. Like that'll do anything.

DAY 3

“So you admit you were wrong?”

Yes.

“You admit I was right?”

Yes…

“You admit I’m a genius?”

I swear to Notch, if you say one more word…

“Just checking.”

Ugh, one of these days I will get rid of him. That, I can assure you. For the time being however, I guess I’ll just have to keep him on my side. He does have his uses. At least, he does occasionally.

So Charles examined the gunpowder we managed to retrieve. After spending a few hours staring at it, followed by a few hours hitting it with a hammer. Soon afterwards, he decided to speak to it for a few minutes, before coming to the unmistakable conclusion that it wasn’t ordinary gunpowder.

Instead, it appears to be Super Gunpowder. Real unique name, I know. But what’s important here is that Super Gunpowder belongs to only one person in the entire Minecraft universe.

Dr. Boom.

“Pretty sure I said it was Dr. Boom long before I even figured it out.”

I’ll be right back.

“Wait, what are yo- MHMHMHMHMHMMHMH!”

If there’s a greater invention than duct tape, I have yet to find it.

At any rate, we now have a lead. Now that we know who’s behind the attacks, Charles and I can track this guy down and bring him to justice. Maybe then we’ll finally get the respect we deserve.

DAY 4

“Hello, and welcome to Server News! I’m Dan Block, and today Admin forces have confirmed that Dr. Boom was indeed behind the attack.”

ARE YOU KIDDING ME!?

“Yes, it is thanks to the glorious and almighty Admins of this proud server that we now know our enemy.”

So apparently, the Admins caught wind that Dr. Boom is the one behind everything. Gee, I wonder how. Probably has nothing to do with the fact they can read our chat messages. Obvious sarcasm is obvious.

So what to do now? Well, the Admins have all got their public support now. They’re bragging about how they’ll take down Dr. Boom, how his days are numbered and how great they look on camera. Meanwhile, the other bounty hunters are fuming.

“We should write an angry letter!” one of them bellowed.

“Nay, we should egg their houses!” another suggested angrily.

“I say we beat them with a giant stick and feed them to some squids!”

The man who suggested this was none other than Luckless Larry, who’d had an unfortunate run in with an Admin a few years prior. Surprisingly, he’d come off okay. It’d only taken several months to heal the burns dealt from that lava bucket.

“Go ahead Larry, we’re right behind you!” I urged him on.

Later that day, we heard that Larry was back in the hospital. Something about getting eaten by a bunch of squids.

“That wasn’t a nice move Dan.”

BE QUIET OR YOU’LL BE NEXT!

Where was I? Oh yeah, Admins are popular and bounty hunters are annoyed. Honestly, things were looking really bleak. I think some people were going to give up altogether…

“Oh, is this my grand moment?”

One minute.

“No, not agai- MMHMMHMHMHMHM!”

Ahh, much better. So the situation was pretty dire, until that smug idiot over there stood up and said:

“Why don’t we just team up and beat the Admins at their own

game?”

At first I was pretty shocked. I had to make sure it was actually him. Of course, when he started bragging about how amazing his idea was, I quickly realized I was still talking to Charles.

Surprisingly, the other hunters agreed. We’re not too fond of teaming up, considering that normally means splitting the money from each mission. But once he mentioned the Admins, Charles

had them in the palm of his hand.

“Good thing I was there, huh Dan?”

What, how did you get out of the duct tape?

“Magic.”

DAY 5

Operation ‘Get Rich and Beat Admins’ is now-a-go.

We all met in the Bounty Cave. It’s like the Batcave, but much cooler.

“The place didn’t even have any internal heating. And there were zombies everywhere!”

Quit your complaining. Anyway, we all met in the Bounty Cave to discuss our plan of action. There was myself, Charles (duh), Luckless Larry (who’d managed to sneak himself a health potion in hospital), Valiant Victor (the only bounty hunter who followed server rules), Huge Hugo (think Hulk, only less intelligent and less green) and Magic Mance (proclaimed to be the only magician in Minecraft).

“Gentlemen, you know why we’re here,” I’d been rehearsing a speech for several hours, intent on inspiring everyone with my amazing words.

“We don’t want to listen to you,” Huge Hugo protested, “we want to listen to the smart gal. Charlene or whatever her name is.”

“Charles,” my partner corrected him, “but thank you Hugo. It’s nice to see some appreciation around here.”

He shot a glare in my direction.

“As Dan was saying, you know why we’re here. For years now, we bounty hunters have brought down criminals all-over the server. From the simple guys who stole blocks of dirt to Griefers such as Mr. TNT and The Despawner. Now however, we face a much bigger threat.”

“The Admins. Not only have these jumped-up fools stolen our glory time and time again, they’ve refused to even acknowledge us as helpful Minecraftians. How many times when you turn on Block TV do you see an Admin calling us the bad guys? How many times when you’re walking down the street do you get useless gold items thrown at you?”

“It’s time things changed. It’s time we made our place known in this server. We’re not doing this for a vast fortune or eternal glory. We’re going to track down Dr. Boom and we’re going to make him answer for our crimes. And there isn’t anyone who’s going to stop us. Not Griefers, not Dr. Boom and certainly not the Ad- Huh?”

Charles emerged from his epic speech to find the room empty, save for myself.

“Where did everyone go?” he asked.

“They all ran off when you started screaming about a ‘vast fortune’.”

Charles facepalmed. Obviously this was going to be a lot harder to pull off than we first thought.

“We?”

Sorry, when I first thought.

DAY 6

Ever heard of Batmon?

They say he's a legend. A myth. A story for young children. Others say he's real. A warrior of justice, who goes round and spam clicks villains into submission. Punching them with his fist for half a heart of damage until they collapse, offering Batmon all their diamonds if he stops.

He's also an ace detective, capable of solving even the most perplexing crime. Like when someone takes the last chocolate slice of pie in the fridge but doesn't own up. Batmon knows who took it.

It was here that I tried to channel the skills of Batmon into my own body, as I attempted to solve the mysteries presented before me.

Where was Dr. Boom?

True he'd left his signature gunpowder at the scene of the crime, but that didn't really offer me any directions. No, I'd have to use my brain if I was going to track him down.

"You have a brain?"

One of these days Charles…

Anyways, my initial studies have revealed nothing. I spent a few hours staring at it, followed by a few hours hitting it with a hammer. Soon afterwards, I decided to speak to it for a few minutes, before coming to the unmistakable conclusion that the gunpowder came from someone's crafting bench.

I know, a real revelation right there. Only problem was, I had absolutely no way of telling which bench it came from, or where said bench was located. At least, I didn't…

"Until I stepped in!"

Alright, where did I put the duct tape?

"It's been disposed of. You won't be using that awful stuff any

longer!"

Dang it Charles! Fine, I suppose I should say what really happened.

"No need to thank me. It was all in a day's wo-"

…

Excuse me, I just finished beating that twerp with a frying pan. No need to thank me.

Charles, ever the inventor, explained to me how Minecraft actually works. When an item is created, it's given a 'number', which indicates how many have been made. So the first workbench made would be marked with #1. With a clever bit of engineering, we-

"I!"

Sigh. With a bit of clever engineering, Charles discovered that the workbench which was used to make the gunpowder is workbench #13377331. That tells us two things:

- There are a lot of workbenches in Minecraft.
- We now know which workbench Dr. Boom uses.

Of course, now we just need to find the workbench in question. Unfortunately, Charles came up with that as well.

"It's called the Workbench Trackinator, capable of finding all workbenches within a five-thousand chunk radius. Powered by Redstone technology, it utilizes-"

WE GET THE PICTURE! To keep it brief, we can find both the workbench and Dr. Boom’s lair. Go us.

“You mean go me.”

Alright, where’s that frying pan?

“MERCY!”

DAY 7

Time: Midday.

Location: X: 7587 Y: 64 Z: -963

AKA: Dr. Boom's lair.

Charles and I informed the other bounty hunters of what we'd discovered. We were careful to keep everything quiet, lest the Admins catch word of what was going on. After all, if they reached

the lair before us, we would have truly failed in our mission.

"So what's this all about?" Valiant Victor asked.

"Indeed, Mance would very much like to know," added Magic Mance.

"So long as we get to crush something," interjected Huge Hugo.

Sadly, Luckless Larry couldn't be with us. Something about getting into a fight with a man for spilling his mushroom soup. Rough stuff, I tell you.

Seeing as Charles had found the place, I reluctantly allowed him to speak.

"We've discovered Dr. Boom's lair," Charles explained, "the reason we said nothing was because we didn't want the Admins to overhear our conversation. Now that we're here, even they can't get here fast enough to take down Dr. Boom before we do."

"Then what are we waiting for?" Huge Hugo demanded, "Point me in the direction of that crazed scientist and I'll destroy him!"

"Could you get the door?" I asked politely, pointing to the iron entrance blocking our way.

It was here I truly marveled at the brute on our team. Huge Hugo took one step forward, grasped the metal with his big, meaty hands and ripped it off of its hinges. A moment later, and the door was tossed into the clouds, never to be seen again.

"Many thanks."

We all entered, weapons at the ready. I had my trusty sword, Charles was armed with his bow, Valiant Victor with a rulebook, Magic Mance with a stick (his so-called wand) and Huge with his… well, take a wild guess.

The entrance to the base was a two block high, one block wide tunnel, with only Redstone torches to light our way. I allowed Charles to go first, seeing as he had the bow and made for an excellent meat shield.

"What was that?"

Nothing.

We pushed onwards, the sound of our breathing rebounding off of the cave walls. I could feel my heart pounding, as we grew ever closer to our objective. Was this it? Would we bring down Dr.

Boom and save the server?

Well, we're only on Day 7, so take another wild guess.

We emerged into the lair itself. All around us were tables stacked with TNT and vials full of gunpowder. On the walls, several dark-grey blocks were mounted. It appeared to be a surveillance system of sorts. At the center of the room were a pair of couches…

…and the entirety of the Admin squad, lazily chatting among themselves. It took them a few moments to notice us, but when they did, boy did they have big grins on their faces.

"Well, if it isn't the bounty hunters," one of them chuckled.

“Sorry fellows, you’re a tad late to the party,” another spoke up,
“Dr. Boom’s already left.”
Even after all of that, they’d still managed to beat us.

WEEK 2

DAY 8

Well, it’s another fantastic day to be a bounty hunter.

So here’s what actually happened: Somehow the Admins figured out where we were going and beat us to the punch. The idiots alerted Dr. Boom that we were going and caused him to run for his life. They then decided to laze about in his lair and wait for us to show up, rather than pursue him.

Now for the Admin version of the story: The brave and powerful Admins had Dr. Boom cornered and were about to bring him in for questioning, were it not for the interference of several lowly bounty hunters, who caused the Griefer to escape to parts unknown.

So now we’re more hated than ever and the Admins look like they’ll receive even more medals than they had before. Isn’t life great? Heck, even Charles isn’t making any jokes.

“Can’t talk. Working on revenge scheme.”

Yeah, you do that. Anyways, the other bounty hunters are a little upset right now. They’ve decided to spend the day munching down mushroom soup, trying to avoid being seen by anyone else. Considering we’re, y’know, despised by everyone right now.

I mean, what are we supposed to do? If we try finding Dr. Boom, the Admins will just beat us to it. It’s like they know where he is at all time-

Hang on a second.

How did the Admins manage to beat us there? They’re good, but it’s not like they can teleport anywhere they please. We didn’t mention a word to anyone before we made it to the base, yet somehow they were able to beat us there with time to spare? I don’t buy it.

I think it’s time we pay them a visit.

DAY 9

Hook, line and sinker.

Charles and I visited Admin HQ today. Honestly, I was expecting a building made of solid gold blocks with a hundred or so players worshipping them. Oh how wrong was I.

It's made of diamond blocks with a thousand or so players worshipping the Admins.

After making our way through the crowds, we were forced to wait forty-five minutes for a meeting with the Admins. Wasn't too bad I guess. Normally they make you wait several days. I guess they just wanted to brag about their victory.

When we were finally allowed in, we were greeted with the five grinning faces of the Admins, all seated around a circular table.

"Ah, Dan and Charles," the Head Admin clapped his hands, "how nice of you to pay us a visit. I trust you weren't too bored waiting for us."

I decided not to mention the fact that I'd harvested half of the wall for diamond blocks. At least I'll be walking away from here a little richer.

"So what can we do for our 'beloved' bounty hunters?" he asked.

"Oh you don't have to do anything," I assured them (as if that'd be any different from normal), "I wanted to tell you how impressed I was with you figuring out where Dr. Boom was before we did."

They all glanced at each other, perhaps trying to figure out if I was praising them or mocking them.

"Is that so?" another Admin inquired.

"You betcha," Charles stepped forward, "we were just blown away by your amazing skills. I mean, I thought the bounty hunters were good, but you're all on another level. So we wanted to offer our congratulations."

I glanced at Charles, who was completely green in the face. We might fight each other from time to time, but there's one thing we share in common. Hatred of the Head Admin's moustache.

"Well, Dan and Charles," the Head Admin spoke after a long moment, "we thank you for recognizing our superiority. Took you long enough. Still, I suppose we appreciate it. Will that be all?"

"There is one more thing," I had to resist the urge to grin as Charles removed a cake from his inventory and placed it on the table, "myself and the other bounty hunters decided to 'bury the axe' as it were, and buy you a lovely cake."

"And just where did you get this cake?" the fattest of the Admins demanded in a pompous voice.

"The Very Expensive Bakery," I replied.

That is actually the name of the place. Still, it seemed to put grins on their faces. They muttered what sounded like a thank you, before shooing us off as they dug into the cake. Hehe. They really took the bait, didn't they?

"Good thing you had me to help."

Normally I'd slap you, but I'm in too much of a good mood to care right now.

Wait until the Admins find out we put a sleeping potion in their cake.

DAY 10

So you're probably wondering why we went to Admin HQ, offered them compliments and poisoned them with sleeping potion. I assure you there's a very good reason for it.

We need to find out how they managed to track down Dr. Boom before we did.

Maybe it's just because of their Admin powers. Maybe it's something we don't know they have. Either way, we're going to find out.

The sleeping potion wasn't going to knock them out immediately. It'd make them a little bit sleepy, then they'd all drift off slowly. So for the next few hours, the team and I sat around, playing card

games and watching YouTube videos.

When it was time to move out, we did it in style. We showed up at Admin HQ in Minecarts, plowing through the front door and shattering the glass entrance.

"You know, if the potion didn't work then we'd be in massive trouble," Charles noted.

"Details details," I waved my hand, "alright chaps, here's the plan. What I want you to do is -"

"Let the smart guy talk," Huge Hugo demanded, "I ain't listening to your rubbish."

Really? I came up with this whole plan to take down the Ad-

"No you didn't."

Fine, most of the plan but I don't see-

"You came up with like a quarter."

A quarter? Are you serious?

"Sure am."

Come on. Give me at least a third.

"One-fifth."

That's less than a quarter!

"Take it or leave it."

Oh whatever, let's just get back to the story.

"Gladly."

"Alright chaps, here's the plan," said Charles, "What I want you to do is this. Magic Mance and I will investigate the Admin archives for any information. Valiant Victor and Dangerous Dan will head to the upper levels and search there. We're looking for whatever the Admins used to track down the enemy. Huge Hugo will stay with the Admins and make sure they don't wake up."

"And how do I do that?" the brute asked.

I handed him a frying pan, "this tends to work extremely well."

"Isn't attacking an Admin against the rules?" Valiant Victor raised an eyebrow.

"Nah," I waved my hand and shook my head, "now come on. Let's get going."

And so the search began. We looked high and low throughout Admin HQ, seeking the answer to the mystery. What did the Admins know that we didn't?

We started off by going through the treasury. We didn't expect to find anything here, but I'd be darned if I was going to walk away without filling my pockets. I was able to convince Valiant Victor that this was totally within the server rules.

"I'm only borrowing this," I assured him, to which he reluctantly nodded.

At any rate, there wasn't anything in the treasury so after looting it, we moved onto the next room. The Admin meeting chambers. Stepping inside, I stifled a laugh as I spotted one of the Admins asleep in his chair. The oversized one. Although we accomplished much by drawing on his face and looting his inventory, there wasn't anything on him to explain what was going on.

"Charles Brilliant to Dumb Dan, how's it going up there?"

My radio buzzed. It was Charles of course. It took a great deal of effort not to toss the device out of the window.

"Danger Dan to Charles Chump, we've found nothing up here and we're almost out of rooms. Any luck down there?"

"We did find something," the static voice told me, "something about a guy named Le Spy. Any idea what that means?"

I shook my head, before realizing he couldn't actually see me, "Not a clue. I'll see if I can find anything here."

"Better make it quick. Huge Hugo tells me the Admins are starting to stir."

He was right. A quick glance at the sleeping blob told me we were very quickly running out of time. If we didn't find something now, this whole mission would have been for nothing.

"We need a few more minutes," I searched for my frying-pan, quickly recalling I'd lent it to Huge Hugo. Having to improvise, I smacked the Admin over the head with my backpack. He immediately stopped moving.

"I'm pretty darn sure that's against the rules," Valiant Victor noted.

"Be quiet and help me search," I hissed, as we moved into the final room. It was sealed shut with a wooden door, with a sign above reading 'Super Secret Room. Pls don't look here'.

Inside, rows and rows of bookcases littered the walls. It would have taken an ordinary man months to search through them. Luckily, seeing as I'm the hero of this story, I quickly found what I was looking for on the table at the end of the room. A small piece of parchment. A letter addressed to the Head Admin.

Head Admin,

The mission is going accordingly. The bounty hunters have no idea

I'm working as a double agent. I'm glad to see the message about

Dr. Boom's location transmitted successfully. I'll let you know when

I have more news.

Signed,

Le Spy

My hand was shaking by the time I'd reached the end of the parchment, and not because it was cold in the room. Seriously though, the cheap Admins could afford walls of Dimaond but couldn't be bothered to install a fireplace?

At any rate, I'd gotten what I'd came for. The information we'd been searching for. The Admins didn't have some amazing power that let them read our thoughts. They didn't need it.

There was a traitor among the bounty hunters.

DAY 11

The next day, I met with Charles privately.

I told the other bounty hunters that the document I'd found said a spy was watching our every move. Made sense, considering Charles found out about one 'Le Spy'. So they're none the wiser. And as much as the guy annoys me-

"Excuse me?"

As much as the guy keeps things interesting, Charles is the only person I can trust right now. We've been together for years, and he despises the Admins just as much as I do.

We sat down to discuss our options and figure out just who the traitor was. The good thing was we didn't have many people to go through:

- Huge Hugo – A giant of a man who loves pummelling things with his bare hands. He's made his hatred of the Admins known over the years and frequently gets into fights with other players about who's in the right and who's in the wrong. He's also dumb as a stump. No way he's behind this.
- Magic Mance – I didn't know much about the guy, but Magic Mance is always getting in trouble with the Admins. He does magic tricks for younger audiences, and is known for stealing priceless jewels from the richest players. Doesn't seem like he'd be the traitor.
- Luckless Larry – Larry's known for getting into lots of fights with the Admins, but he's also known for being a bit of a coward. Maybe the server overlords could have convinced him to help them? He's also not around much, having only been present at the first meeting. Very suspicious.
- Valiant Victor – The most likely of all our suspects. Vance follows the rules to a tee, and he didn't seem too happy with me robbing the Admins yesterday. If I had to bet on him being Le Spy, I'd bet a lot of emeralds.

Until we know for certain however, Charles and I are going to act like everything is normal. After all, the traitor is bound to slip up at some point. And when he does, we'll catch him and make him pay for his crimes. Quite literally.

I should probably mention you pay money if you commit a crime against the bounty hunters. A hundred iron for jaywalking, three hundred gold for light griefing and two-thousand, nine-hundred and fifty-free diamonds for betraying your own men.

Whoever thought these rules up must have been a rich man.

DAY 12

So Charles had another one of his ‘brilliant’ ideas.

“They’re amazing and you know it!”

Be quiet, or I’ll go fetch the frying pan from Huge Hugo. Speaking of which, that oaf still hasn’t returned it, which is really annoying. I need it to beat Charles senseless when he gets on my nerves.

“Good thing I got rid of the duct tape as well.”

I’ll have to pick something up at the store. At any rate, my partner came up with a plan. Long story short, he wanted to tell the others that there was a traitor among us.

At first, I thought he was crazy. A few minutes of explanations and I still thought it was crazy. It was only after he cooked me a full breakfast and delivered a steam hot cup of coffee that I finally saw reason in his thinking.

What happens when you get scared? Or angry? Or happy? Yes you will either want to hide, punch something or hug someone, but there’s something else. Something even the blocky textures of Minecraft cannot hide.

Your face changes expression.

So we invited our fellows down to the inn, bought everyone a bowl of mushroom soup and began chatting about life, our jobs, how ugly the Head Admin’s moustache was and of course, the finer points of using a frying pan as a weapon (which I personally demonstrated on Charles).

After a few hours had passed, the two of us shared a glance. Valiant Victor was about to bite into his steak, Magic Mance was sipping from his bowl, Huge Hugo was laughing and Luckless Larry was playing with his fork.

Charles and I nodded, before I spoke up.

“There’s a traitor among us.”

Try to imagine the reactions.

Valiant Victor missed the steak, instead shattering his own teeth. Magic Mance spilled his mushroom soup everywhere. Huge Hugo started coughing violently and Luckless Larry somehow ended up with a fork in his hair.

“What did you say?” Mance demanded, wiping his lap with a wet cloth.

“You heard me. One of us is a traitor. One of us is Le Spy.”

“But you said Le Spy was following us,” Valiant Victor nodded, “why lie to us comrade?”

“So we could try and find the traitor ourselves,” Charles admitted,

“it doesn’t seem to have worked however.”

“This is nonsense,” Huge Hugo flipped a table, attracting the attention of most people in the inn, “you accuse us of working for the Admins? How do we know you two are innocent?”

“What do you know about this Hugo?” I asked, giving him a piercing look, “you seem quite angry about being accused.”

“N-n-nothing,” he stammered, returning to his seat, “I just don’t want to be called a traitor. I’ve been a bounty hunter for most of my life, and I ain’t about to betray them.”

I was now completely convinced that Hugo was innocent. That left three.

“Hugo does have a point however,” Vance noted, “what makes you two so innocent?”

“We could have kept quiet about this whole thing,” Charles reminded him, “then how would any of you have known about the spy?”

A murmur of agreement passed through the room. My suspicion again rose towards Valiant Victor. Was he trying to shift the blame onto us?

“Well I’m not waiting here to get betrayed by some spy,” Luckless Larry jumped to his feet, looking very nervous, “I gotta get back home anyhow.”

“Sit back down,” I snarled. The poor guy gulped and returned to his seat, shaking.

“From this point on, no one leaves until we know who the traitor really is. We clear?”

Yesses shot back and forth around the table. “Alright then. Let’s get started.”

DAY 13

Well, that certainly helped.

We sat them all down in the inn for three hours, trading questions back and forth throughout most of that time. They did the same to us, just to make sure we weren't the mole and I'm fairly certain they were satisfied with our answers.

After cutting out Huge Hugo from our investigation, here's what we found out:

- Magic Mance – A stand-up guy. He's been a bounty hunter for almost as long as Hugo, and he doesn't strike me as the traitorous type. He was calm through the whole interrogation. Very unlikely.
- Luckless Larry – The guy is really jumpy and nervous, often shaking and glancing back and forth… but I don't think it's him. He's definitely a coward, and probably too scared to risk angering Huge Hugo.
- Valiant Victor – The only suspect left. Victor is a stickler for the rules (hehe that rhymed) and the only person left who seems suspicious. He was reluctant to answer half of my questions and constantly called me out on being a rule breaker.

I'm now 100% certain that Valiant Victor is the traitor, and Charles seemed to agree with me. We'd been planning on ambushing him at the earliest opportunity and finding out exactly what he knows…

Except, there's been a new development.

Charles and I had worked late into the night to find a way to trap Victor. So late in fact, that the bells of midnight sounded…

And as they did, an explosion echoed across the other side of town.

DAY 14

Charles and I raced from our home, dashing into the street of the town. In the distance, we could spot the burning remains of the Cathedral of Notch. To the left, Jeb's Armory immediately joined its brother building in the same fate.

This was no ordinary grieving. Someone was destroying the town.

Our weapons drawn, we raced towards the inferno. Scared civilians scattered in the streets, darting for safety. I prayed that the other bounty hunters were safe, and (to my reluctance) that the Admins would arrive to help us out. After all, they'd never leave the city to be destroyed… right?

Ah, whatever. We had a job to do. Protect the people. The pair of us snatched some buckets from a market stall and filled them with water. A few players ahead of us were trapped by the inferno, but we promptly rescued them by extinguishing the flames.

"Many thanks," they cried as they ran off.

Over the next few minutes, the two of us tried making our way to the Cathedral. But the closer we drew to it, the more we found our progress impeded by chaos and destruction. It seemed for every

flame we extinguished, two more took its place.

In other parts of the city, the explosions continued. Someone really wanted to send a message here.

"What do we do?" I called out to Charles, as a wooden structure toppled in front of us.

"We need to raise the others," he called back, "we need help if we're going to save the city!"

"Then help you shall have…"

That voice. Even amid the screaming and the yelling, it sounded all too familiar. It called out in my head, as an arrow flew forth and struck Charles in the back. He despawned immediately.

"CHARLES!"

I dropped the bucket and reached for my blade, only for another projectile to knock the weapon from my hand. Two more arrows followed, which I was barely able to duck under.

"Stand still and surrender, will you?" the voice asked calmly.

The smoke from the flames blocked by view. I couldn't see my opponent, nor would I know where his next strike came from. I searched for my sword, finding it a mere two blocks away…

But as I reached for it, a fourth shaft struck me in the arm. I collapsed, falling backwards. Between fire damage and arrows, I couldn't take much more before I too joined Charles at the spawn.

"I have to get out of here," I muttered to myself, using the side of the building to aid my tired legs and arms.

I rose to my feet and turned around, only to be confronted by the face of the traitor…

"Any last words?" he asked, an arrow pointed at my face.

Next Time…

Danger Dan and Charles Brilliant find themselves facing the toughest fight of their lives. As enemies close in around them, their only hope is to reach the Tower of Notch, where Dr. Boom has claimed he'll attack next…

But the battle isn't over yet. Forces good and evil will soon clash, in a daring conflict that could very well change the fate of the server…